

WARREN
MAGAZINE

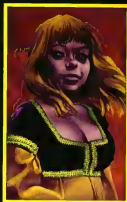


COMIX
INTERNATIONAL
#2

TEN FULL-COLOR SPINE-TINGLING HORROR CLASSICS!

comix international™

TM



WITH: DEMONS, MONSTERS,
GHOSTS, VAMPIRES,
WITCHES AND WARLOCKS!





OUR COVER
Terror. The macabre. The creation of life.
And the destruction of all living things.
This is Comix International #2. Two terrifying
full color tales. The best in comix!

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ISSUE NO. TWO

CONTENTS 1975

THE RAVEN Past midnight I fell into a
restless sleep. A nap shattered by an inces-
sant tapping from the window. I opened it.
And in flew a raven. Herald of death itself!

ANTI-CHRISTMAS Billie Joe's fa-
ther had a mission. To preserve Christian-
ity. To destroy the Anti-Christ. But to do
so, he must slaughter his newborn grandson!

THE BUTCHER Gamhino's health
had failed. He would have died soon anyway.
So why did someone send a hit man to wipe
him out? And why did they kill the priest?

CIRCUS OF KING CARNIVAL
One month. Two months. And Cassandra
would be dead. Her husband had a plan.
To save her, he needed a living human heart!

THE WINGED SHAFT OF FATE
King Carnival collects freaks. A hutterfly-
woman and a bird man are kept there. And
now a greater attraction. Dracula, himself!

THE MANHUNTERS The tentacled
alien had swallowed the Captain whole. She
had seen it eat Jorg alive. But Brenda was
not terrified. And she couldn't imagine why!

PURGE Meet Obed Black. A mean cop
with powers of judge, jury and executioner,
sworn to rid the world of naughtiness. And
Obed Black is about to have a very bad day!

JANIS Fantasy or reality? Life and love
should never have plagued the statue made
of stone. But neither should the dreadful
monsters that roamed the storm swept sea!

BEAST ON BACON STREET
Amanda Karlman's house was haunted.
There were many manifestations. But most
terrifying was the apparition yet unseen!

MUCK MONSTER He had tried to
create life. And he had, in part, succeeded.
Now I must tell him of his victory. And I must
warn him. I lived. But was not quite human!

ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREARY, WHILE I
FONZESSED WEAK AND WEARY,
OVER MANY A QUANT AND CURIOUS VOLUME
OF FORGOTTEN LORE...

WHILE I NODDED, NEARLY NAPPING,
SUDDENLY THERE CAME A TAPPING
AS OF SOME ONE GENTLY RAPPING,
RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR.

"TIS SOME VISITOR," I MUTTERED, "TAPPING
AT MY CHAMBER DOOR,
ONLY TWS AND NOTHING MORE."

TAP!
TAP!
TAP!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE RAVEN

ART: HUGH CORRIEN



"...LEWORE?"

I DREAMT THE ROOM TO A NIGHT SKY,
SPARKLING WITH DECEMBER SNOW! THERE
WAS ONLY DARKNESS THERE... AND
NOTHING MORE!



YET IT WAS *NOT* THE BEAUTIFUL LENDRE WHO STOOD AT MY WINDOW... RATHER...

THE *INK-BLACK* CREATURE FLEW INTO MY ROOM WHILE I GAZED AGAINT...



...AND THE EBON-BIRD PERCHED... AND SAT... AND DID NOTHING MORE!



YOU SEEK REFUGE FROM THE COLD? SURELY A TREE TRUNK WOULD BETTER SERVE YOUR *ENDS?*

WHAT IS YOUR NAME? YOUR PURPOSE? DO YOU CARRY ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING MY DEAR...



WELL, RAVEN, DON'T JUST SIT THERE STARING DOWN AT ME!

THEN, FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE ROOM, QUOTH THE *RAVEN*...



"...LENDRE?"



NEVERMORE!

DEVILISH
CREATURE, YOUR
ANSWER HOLDS
LITTLE MEANING
THAT I CAN
SEE!

YET THIS
MUST BE...
IT HAS TO
BE...AN
OMEN!

BUT...
WHAT MAN-
NER OF MES-
SAGE? MY
LOVER HAS
LEFT ME...
STRANDED AND
ALONE...!

DID SHE
SEND YOU
TO KEEP ME
COMPANY?

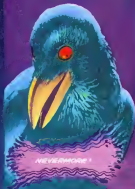
BUT NO!
FOR TOMORROW,
RAVEN, WHEN THE
BLIZZARD ABATES,
YOU, TOO, WILL
DOUBTLESS DESERT
ME...AS ALL MY
HOPES HAVE
BEFORE!

BUT MY
PATIENCE
HEARS RAPIDLY
THIN! WHAT I
NEED ARE
ANSWERS!

ANSWERS!

YOU MUST
EXPLAIN
YOURSELF
BETTER
TO ME!

THEN THE BIRD SAID, AS HE HAD
SAID BEFORE...



NEVERMORE!

NEVERMORE!

WHAT DOES
THIS GRIM AND
OMINOUS FOWL
MEAN BY
CROAKING...

NEVERMORE?

CAN THE
WORD BE A
CLUE OF
SOME SORT?

AND IF SUCH BE
THE CASE, THEN HOW
DOES IT PERTAIN TO
MY DARLING...



"...LENORE?"



STILL...
WHAT IF THERE
IS NO MESSAGE
TO BE GIVEN
AT ALL!

WHAT IF IT
WERE THE DARK
FORCES OF EVIL
SENT THIS BIRD
TO MY DWELLING
TO HAUNT
ME!



IS THAT
TRUE,
RAVEN?

ARE YOU A
CO-WORKER
OF THE
DEVIL...



...HERE TO
TORMENT
ME BY BRINGING
MEMORIES OF
MY VERY OWN...



"...LENDRE?"



AT THIS POINT,
I REALLY NO LONGER
CARE! SHE IS GONE AND
NEVER, I THINK TO
RETURN!



BUT WILL
YOU ANSWER
JUST ONE
QUESTION
OF MINE?

I BEG
YOU...TELL
ME! WHERE
IS MY
LENDRE!



PLEASE
BIRD...NO
MATTER IF
YOU ARE A
PROPHET...A
THING OF
EVIL...GIVE
ME THE AN-
SWER!

QUOTH THE RAVEN...



SO! YOU
STILL WON'T
TALK SH...OR
REVEAL TO ME
THE WHERE-
ABOUTS OF MY
BELOVED!





VERY WELL!
THEN! GO
BACK TO THE
STORM AND THE
COLD NIGHT'S
PLUTONIAN
SHORE!



AND DON'T
LEAVE A SINGLE
BLACK FEATHER
BEHIND AS A TOKEN
OF YOUR HEARTLESS
VISIT, YLE
SPECTRE!



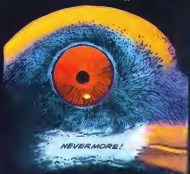
LEAVE ME!
MY LONELINESS
IS A TERRIBLE
THING TO
BEAR!

I DON'T
NEED THE
LIKES OF YOU
BIRD, TO RE-
MIND ME HOW
MONUMENTALLY
TRAGIC
IT IS!



ARE YOU
DEAF? GET
THREE FEET ABOVE
MY DOOR... AND
TAKE YOUR ACCURSED
BEAK OUT OF MY
SOUL WHEN YOU
LEAVE!

BUT NOT A NERVE DID HE TWITCH WHEN
SPOKE THE RAVEN. ...



NEVERMORE!

TIME PASSED; AND THE RAVEN
REMAINED...NEVER FLUTTING...
AND STILL IS SITTING; STILL IS
SITTING...



...ON THE FALL OF
BUST OF PALLAS
JUST ABOVE MY
CHAMBER
DOOR!

AND HIS EYES HAVE ALL THE
SEEKING OF A DEMON THAT
IS DREAMING...



AND THE LAMP-LIGHT O'ER
HIM STREAMS THROWS HIS
SHADOW ON THE FLOOR!



AND MY SOUL FROM IN THAT SHADOW, THAT
LIES FLOATING ON THE FLOOR...



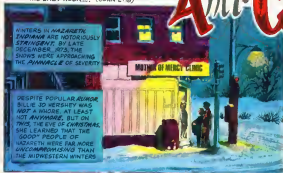
...AS MY YEARNING FOR A LOVED ONE,
SHALL BE LIFTED...

...NEVERMORE!



"YOU HAVE HEARD THAT THE ANTICHRIST IS COMING... THEREFORE WE KNOW THAT IT IS THE LAST HOUR..." (JOHN 2:18)

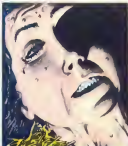
Anti-Christmas





BILLIE JO'S PAINS WERE GROWING MORE ACUTE, MORE PERSISTENT. HER MUFFLED CRIES FILLED THE SILENT STABLE. JOSEPH CLOSED HIMSELF TO THEM, LET THEM COME TO HIM TO THE INEVITABLE TASK THAT AWAITED.

BILLIE JO SLOWLY SUCCEMBED TO THE DEMANDS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, AND HER THOUGHTS FELL UPON ANOTHER TIME, SOME TWO YEARS EARLIER...



I KNOW THAT YOU AND THAT YOUNG HOODLUM HAVE SINNED AGAINST GOD AND AGAINST ME! NOW YOU COMPOUND THE OFFENSE BY LYING...

I WILL NOT HAVE IT SAID THAT MY DAUGHTER IS A CHILD OF THE DEVIL. YOU ARE NO LONGER WELCOME IN MY HOUSE.

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, BILLIE JO LEARNED TWO THINGS. POVERTY BEGETS MORE POVERTY, AND DESTITUTION IS A SHORT STEP FROM PROSTITUTION.



THEN SHE MET JOSEPH. NOT RICH, PERHAPS, BUT PROUD. AND PRIDE WAS SOMETHING SHE HAD SACRIFICED A LONG TIME AGO.

THAT WAS WHAT JOSEPH OFFERED HER, ALONG WITH HER FIRST CHILD...



...THIS CHILD, FOR WHOM JOSEPH WAS NOW THE RELUCTANT ANCHOR.

ALL THOUGHT FLED FROM BILLIE JO'S MIND, AND SHE SURRENDERED TO THE PAIN.



IT IS DONE, JOSEPH? THEN GIVE US THE CHILD...SHE WILL NEVER KNOW THAT THIS ONE IS NOT MINE.



IT'S ALMOST
A PITY THAT THE
YOUNG MOTHER WILL
NEVER KNOW THE MAN
THAT WAS BESTOWED ON
HER. AT LAST THE
ANCIENT PROPHECIES
HAVE BEEN
FULFILLED...!

"THIS
IS THE
ANTICHRIST
HE WHO DENIES
THE FATHER
AND THE
SON!"



YOU HAVE
SERVED THE
MASTER WELL,
JOSEPH, FOR THAT
YOU SHALL HAVE
YOUR REWARD



HERE
BILLIE JO
OUR
SON...!

THE OLD BARN CREAKED AND
RATTLED IN THE HOWLING
DECEMBER WINDS. JOSEPH HAD
NO NAME FOR THE INEXPLICABLE
FEAR THAT HAUNTED HIM AS HE
WATCHED BILLIE JO SLEEP. BUT,
FINALLY SHE AWAKENED...!



TONIGHT IS
THE NIGHT, BROTHERS!
I CAN FEEL IT,
SMELL IT...!

THE UNIVERSE
REEKS WITH THE STENCH
OF EVIL, AND IT TELLS
ME THAT THE RUMORS
ARE TRUE.



TONIGHT IT
WAS BORN, THAT
WHICH HAS COME TO
CORRUPT AND DECEIVE...
TO UNDO THE WORK IT
HAS TAKEN GOD
CENTURIES TO
ACCOMPLISH...!

GENTLEMEN,
WE FACE THE GREATEST,
MOST NOBLE TASK A
CHRISTIAN HAS EVER FACED
WE MUST FIND THIS EVIL...
AND DESTROY IT!



BUT
HOW CAN
WE BE CER-
TAIN?

I AM
CERTAIN. I
KNOW WHO IN THIS
TOWN ARE GOOD MEN
AND WHO ARE THE
UNREDEEMABLE
SINNERS. I HAVE
HEARD THE EVIL ONES
WHISPER ABOUT
THIS NIGHT... ABOUT
HIS COMING. THE
MOMENT IS AT HAND
AND WE MUST NOT
BE AFRAID TO
STRIKE!

JUAN BAPTISTE WAS AFRAID. HE HAD CARRIED ON THE LORD'S WORK FOR TWENTY YEARS IN HIS SWAPLE PARISH. HE HAD ALWAYS DONE SO WITHOUT THE AID OF A CLUB OR KNIFE.

IT WAS A HABIT HE WAS NOT QUICK TO CHANGE.



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO THE ONLY HOSPITAL IN NAZARETH. IF THE CHILD WAS BORN, IT WOULD BE THE PERVERTED IRONY OF THE DEVIL TO HAVE HIS CHILD BORN IN A CHRISTIAN CLINIC!



BUT HOW WILL WE KNOW WHICH ONE?

IF NECESSARY, WE WILL SLAY THEM. ALL? WHAT ARE THE LIVES OF A FEW CHILDREN, COMPARED TO THE EVIL WROUGHT BY THE DEVIL'S OFFSPRING?

I... YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MURDER!



NO, MR. BAPTISTE, I AM TALKING ABOUT THE REDEMPTION OF THE HUMAN RACE. I AM A CHRISTIAN, SIR! GOD IS WITH ME! ARE YOU WITH THE LORD... OR AGAINST HIM?



THE WHINE OF RUBBER ON DAMP PAVEMENT DRONED MONOTONOUSLY AS THE CAR SPED NORTHWARD. IT'S PASSENGERS THOUGHT ONLY OF SPEED AND DISTANCE!

WE SHOULD BE IN BALTIMORE BY LATE TOMORROW. THE CHILD WILL BE SAFE THERE.

MEANWHILE, NAZARETH WILL SOON LEARN THE MEANING OF THE PHRASE RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION. PERSECUTION BY THE RELIGIOUS. OUR MASTER'S WORK WILL BE DONE...



...AND BY THOSE WHO WILL CLAIM TO BE SERVING HIS ENEMY. CHRISTIANS CERTAINLY ARE A CURIOUS BREED!





FRESH
FOOTPRINTS THEY
COULD BELONG TO
THAT WHORE.

THEY LEAD
TOWARD THE
OLD STABLE.

JOSEPH STUDIED BILLIE JO MORE CLOSELY THAN HE
EVER HAD IN THE MONTHS OF THEIR MARRIAGE. SHE
WAS MORE THAN A WIFE TO HIM NOW... SHE WAS
THE MOTHER OF A CHILD WHICH, WHILE NOT FULLY
HIS HAD AT LEAST SPRUNG FORTH FROM HIS
LOINS.

FOR A MOMENT HE DOUBTED WHAT HE HAD DONE.
HE WAS A TRUE *SERVANT* OF SATAN, YET WHY
HAD HE NEVER EXPERIENCED THE SAME
EMOTIONS OF *JOY* AND *LOVE* THAT EMANATED
FROM THIS CHILD-BRIDE.

THE FACT THAT THE INFANT WAS NOT
EVEN *MERE* SEEMED ALMOST TO
MOCK HIM!

SUDDENLY...!

YOU! I
SHOULD HAVE
REALIZED! IF
ANYONE WERE TO BE
THE MOTHER OF THE
DEVIL'S CHILD IT
WOULD BE
YOU!

FATHER!

BUT YOU HAVE
LABORED IN VAIN, WHORE!
WE HAVE COME TO *SLAY*
THE DEVIL-CHILD BEFORE
THE WORLD IS INFECTED
WITH HIS EVIL!

Y-YOU'RE
CRAZY!



HA!
HA! HA!
HA!

AAARRGH!

SKK!



WHY ARE YOU
LAUGHING, MADMAN?
HAVE YOU SO LITTLE REGARD
FOR THIS PITIFUL WIDOW,
AND HER DEARON-CHILD,
THAT YOU FIND THEIR
DEATH AMUSING?

I FIND YOU
AMUSING,
REVEREND.



YOU WHO HAVE KILLED
YOUR OWN GRANDSON IN
THE NAME OF THE LORD...OR
SO YOU BELIEVE! YES, BILLIE
JO DID SPANN THE CHILD YOU SO
FEAR. J BUT THAT INFANT HAS
LONG BEEN TAKEN TO A
PLACE BEYOND YOUR
REACH!

YOU HAVE
MURDERED AN
INNOCENT
BABY!



CONGRATULATIONS
REVEREND, YOU HAVE
SERVED MY MASTER WELL.
YOU HAVE PROVEN THAT YOU
HAVE A CAPACITY FOR HATRED
AND CRUELTY EQUAL TO THAT
OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF! YOU
SERVE HIM MORE LOYALLY
THAN I DO!



NO, YOU ARE A
LIAR... A-A DECEIVER...
BUT YOU SHALL NOT
DETER ME

THW!

I HAVE NO
REASON TO FEAR
YOU, REVEREND. EVIL
CANNOT DESTROY
EVIL.



BESIDES, FOR THE
SERVICE I HAVE PERFORMED
FOR MY MASTER TONIGHT,
HE HAS REWARDED ME
WITH HIS PROTECTION!

JUST AS HE
WILL REWARD
YOU FOR THE HOW-
AGE YOU HAVE
PAID HIM...!



SEE FOR YOUR-
SELF, REVEREND...
YOU ARE JUST LIKE
ME!

BUT MY
DAUGHTER...

THW!





BLESS
ME, FATHER,
I HAVE
SINNED!

I-I
HAVE
KILLED A
PRIEST!

"FORGIVE ^{US} our TRESPASSES"

STORY: BILL DuBAY / ART: RICH CORBEN

"IT ALL STARTED THREE MONTHS AGO FATHER... WHEN DON CARLO GAMBINO LAY ON HIS DEATHBED, RECEIVING THE LAST RITES..."



TWO OF THE BEST TRIGGER BOYS IN CHI HAD BEEN SENT DOWN TO HIT THE DON. I WAS THE FINGERMAN!"



DON GAMBINO, LOOK OUT!



THE OLD MAN NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO TELL THE PRIEST NOTHIN'!"



THE WHOLE SETUP WAS PERFECT. DON CARLO GAMBINO, THE BIGGEST GANGSTER ON THE WEST SIDE, WAS DEAD... KILLED BY PROFESSIONAL GUNS HIRED BY ONE OF HIS OWN SONS...

...A SON WHO HAD THE PERFECT ALIBI!"

THE WHOLE SETUP WAS PERFECT. DON CARLO GAMBINO, THE BIGGEST GANGSTER ON THE WEST SIDE, WAS DEAD... KILLED BY PROFESSIONAL GUNS HIRED BY ONE OF HIS OWN SONS...

...A SON WHO HAD THE PERFECT ALIBI!"

SOON AFTER THAT, THE BIGGEST GANG WAR EVER TO HIT NEW ORLEANS, ERUPTED...!"

"BUT EVEN WHILE THE HOODS OF TWO RIVAL GANGS WERE KILLING THEMSELVES OFF... YOU COULD FEEL SOMETHING OMINOUS IN THE AIR... AS THOUGH SOMETHING EVEN MORE DEADLY WAS BIDDING ITS TIME, WAITING IN THE WINGS...!"

THE 1930'S WAS ALL-TOO-REAL CLASSIC AMERICAN HORRORS...IT WAS ALSO THE TIME OF THE BUTCHER!

The New Orleans Times Picayune

SHOOTING WARREN'S INTERNATIONAL GANGWAY BRIDGE 1935
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, JANUARY 12, 1936. STREETS FULL OF BLOOD
TWO GIRLS DIE IN MONTH-OLD GAMBINO, PONTI GANG WAR!

THREE MORE OF SAME WINGS
KIDNAP FROM WIFE'S HOUSE

"ME AND THE TWO HIT MEN WERE ORDERED TO LAY LOW FOR AWHILE... WHILE THE MAN WHO HIRED US TO KILL THE DON, PUT ON A SHOW FOR THE PRESS, THE PUBLIC... AND HIS OWN BROTHERS!"

MR GAMBINO...
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF MR PONTI'S
DENIAL IN MURDERING
YOUR FATHER?

PONTI IS A
LIAR... AND A
MURDERER, IF THE
COPS DON'T NAB HIM,
FOR MY FATHER'S
DEATH, I'LL --

THE BUTCHER

YOU'LL DO
WHAT, MR
GAMBINO?

I'M SORRY
GENTLEMEN...
MY BROTHER HAS
NO FURTHER
COMMENT.



"BUT EVEN AS OUR 'BOSS' WAS DOING A NUMBER FOR HIS BROTHERS, SPIDER, POTTER AND MYSELF WERE GETTING ON EACH OTHER'S NERVES."

"WE'VE BEEN COOPED UP IN THIS RATHOLE FOR A MONTH NOW WHEN THE HELL CAN WE GET OUT OF HERE?"

"YOU CAN LEAVE ANYTIME YOU WANT."

"ME... I AMN'T SHOWIN' MY FACE UNTIL THIS WAR'S OVER!"

"WHAT WITH THE LAW LOOKIN' FOR US... PONTI'S GANG READY TO GUN US... AND MOST OF THE GAMBINO MOB ON OUR TAIL, WE'RE DEAD MEAT IN THE STREET!"

"BUT I THOUGHT THE BOSS SAID HE'D PROTECT US?"

"HE IS PROTECTIN' US..."

"BY WAGING HIS OWN PERSONAL WAR AGAINST GENOVESE PONTI!"

"ONCE PONTI'S KNOCKED OFF THE COPS AND THE BOSS' BROTHERS WILL THINK THEY HAVE DON GAMBINO'S KILLER!"

"ONLY THE BOSS KNOWS HE KNOCKED OFF HIS OLD MAN, TO THE REST OF THE GAMBINO MOB, WE WERE HIRED BY PONTI!"

"THE BOSS WILL BE NUMBER ONE MAN BEHIND PROSTITUTION IN THE CITY..."

"AND WE'LL BE RICH."

"JUST THE SAME, I WANT OUT... I AMN'T BEEN TO CHURCH IN MORE THAN A MONTH!"

"CHURCH? NA! NA! YOU HELP US BUMP A PRIEST AND YOU'RE WORRYIN' ABOUT GOIN TO CHURCH?"

"I ALWAYS GO TO CHURCH, SPIDER. THAT'S THE WAY I WAS BROUGHT UP. SO DON'T YOU GO LAUGHING ABOUT GOD!"

"IT'S FUNNY, SPIDER, BUT MOST OF THE MEN IN THE MOB ARE CHURCH-GOING..."

"THEY ROB, KILL AND PIMP SIX DAYS A WEEK, THEN GO TO CHURCH SUNDAY AND ASK GOD TO FORGIVE THEM!"

"AND DOES HE?"

"I GUESS SO. THEY ALL CLAIM TO BE GOING TO HEAVEN WHEN THEY DIE!"

"JEEZAS! THAT'S IT! I GOTTA GET BUTTA HERE... AWAY FROM YOU CHRISTIAN MADMEN!"

"I'M GONNA CALL THE BOSS... SET UP A MEETING!"



SPIDER PHONED OUR "EMPLOYER" ... AND MET US. OH, HE DIDN'T WANT TO BUT SPIDER CONVINCED HIM IT WOULD BE BEST FOR EVERYONE IF WE ALL SAT DOWN IN A NICE QUIET PLACE."

WE BEEN HIGH'N OUT FOR A MONTH GAMBLING. WE WANT OUT!

WE FIGURE A WORLD CRUISE WOULD BE NICE... TELL THIS WAR OF OURS BLOWS OVER!

YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE SPIDER.



HE DON'T MEAN NOTHIN' BY IT, BOSS. WE'RE JUST JITTERY WITH THE COPS AND TWO MOBS LOOKIN' FOR US.

WE GOTTA SPLIT TOWN... AND YOU'VE GOT THE CAPITAL TO HELP US!



IF YOU BOYS ARE RIGHT, IF YOU'RE CAUGHT, YOU'RE LIKELY TO INVOLVATE ME!

...AND I DON'T NEED THAT UNTIL MONTE AND MY WEAK BROTHERS ARE KNOCKED OFF. BY THEN, I'LL BE THE HEAD OF BOTH NEW ORLEANS FAMILIES, AND NO ONE, INCLUDING THE POLICE WILL BE ABLE TO TOUCH ME.



ALL RIGHT, BOYS... YOU'VE GOT YOUR TRIP. I'LL HAVE TICKETS WAITING FOR YOU AT PIER TWELVE TOMORROW.

OKAY! YOU JUST LET US KNOW WHEN YOU NEED US... AND WE'LL BE BACK!



"WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN SOMETHING WAS UP WHEN GAMBLING GAVE IN TO OUR DEMANDS..."



"... BUT AFTER A MONTH'S INTERMENT IN OUR RAT HOLE, WE WERE TOO HAPPY TO BE THINKING ABOUT MUCH BUT OUR IMPENDING FREEDOM..."

"A VOICE OUT OF THE DARKNESS CAUGHT US COMPLETELY OFF GUARD..."

NEE NEE FOR DYING, ISN'T IT, GENTLEMEN?

"POTTER AND SPIDER KNEW INSTANTLY WHAT WAS HAPPENING! WE'D BEEN SET UP! THEY REACHED FOR THEIR GUNS... BUT THEY WERE CUT IN HALF BY A FIRE-SPITTING SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN!"

"THEY NEVER EVEN SAW WHO BLASTED AWAY THEIR LIVES!"



"BUT I SAW... I SAW THE FACE OF A BUTCHER... A FACE FILLED WITH HATE AND DEATH...!"



"I HEARD THE BARREL SNAP BACK INTO PLACE... AND I KNEW I'D BE NEXT!"



"I KNEW HE'D FIND ME WHEREVER I RAN... AND BOTH BARRELS WOULD BE MINE...!"



"THEN I SAW THE CHURCH... CORPUS CHRISTI THE PARISH HOUSE OF GOD!"

"I KNEW I'D BE SAFE THERE... THE LORD WOULD EMBRACE ME... GOD WOULD SAVE ME!"

"IT WAS LIKE THE SLOW MOTION DREAM, WHERE YOU TRY TO RUN... TO RACE FAST ENOUGH TO ESCAPE... BUT YOU GET NOWHERE."



"IN A FEW TERRIFYING SECONDS, I LIVED AN ETERNITY... STARING INTO THAT FACE... WATCHING AS HE EJECTED TWO SPENT SHELLS FROM HIS WEAPON..."



"THEN I CAME TO MY SENSES... AND RAN!"

"I COULDN'T GO BACK TO THE RATHOLE... SAMBINO KNEW ABOUT THAT. HE'D SEND HIS KILLER THERE...!"



"I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO RUN... EVERYWHERE I TURNED I THOUGHT I HEARD HIS FOOTSTEPS... OR SAW HIS SHADOW...!"





DRACULA

THE MIDWAY IS **DESERTED** NOW AND THE CROWD GONE HOME, LEAVING ONLY DEBRIS AND CRUMPLED **HANDBILLS** TO MARK THEIR PASSING.

THE **LAUGHTER** OF THE CHILDREN, THE MILD SCOLDING OF THE ADULTS... THESE ARE GONE TOO. THE ONLY SOUND TO DISTURB THE GENTLE MISSISSIPPI NIGHT IS THE FLAPPING OF **CANVAS** IN THE SOFT BREEZE.

THE SPECTACLE IS **OVER** FOR THIS DAY. THE Sideshow TENTS LOOK MORE **FORBIDDING** THAN **ENTICING**...



... BUT THEY WOULD, LIKE A **PHOENIX**, RISE FROM THEIR OWN ASHES WITH THE LIGHT OF MORNING, TO **DELIGHT** AND **AMAZE** ANEW. FOR THIS IS...

THE CIRCUS OF KING CARNIVAL!

STORY: GERRY BOUDREAU / ART: ESTEBAN MAROTO / COLOR: MICHELE BRAND

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY
OF CASSANDRA KILEY

Tuesday, July 8, 1908

Dean gave one of its brightest performances this morning, and the people of Chatham County have turned out in droves for the carnival...



The sun feels warm. Perhaps it has always been this way. I was never so aware of it. You become aware of a lot of things when you know you are going to die.



It has been three days since the doctor broke the news. I am slowly learning to accept the idea. I must, for it will come whether I accept it or not. I wish only to enjoy my last months.



Jackson is taking it hard. I think he feels sorer for himself than me. I think he's afraid of being left alone.

He always was a possessive man, but the past few days he has become unbearable!



Early afternoon brought the first major event of the circus... something called the Human Ouija Board. I was curious and asked Jackson to take me in...



He did, but not before making his displeasure known. During the show he was no longer depressed, but restless... eager to be somewhere else.



Finally... he excused himself...



EXCERPT FROM THE MISSISSIPPI GAZETTE, AUGUST 26, 1908:

One of the most unusual aspects of King Carnival's circus is The Shaman!



WELCOME, JACKSON MILEY...

YOU KNOW MY NAME...?

I KNOW MANY THINGS, INCLUDING THE REASON WHY YOU ARE HERE.



His origin is a mystery to all, and his powers beyond belief.

Fortune telling wizardry, miracle healing, mysticism, all come under the domain of this wizened little magus.



I WILL HELP YOU... BUT MY PRICE IS HIGH!

I AM NOT A MAN OF MEDICINE I DRAW MY STRENGTH FROM A FAR MORE POWERFUL SOURCE!



But his act consists mostly of parlor-game magic tricks. However, it is said in private consultations his powers truly come to light.

THE GODS WHOM I SERVE WOULD REQUIRE A LIFE! ARE YOU PREPARED TO PAY THAT PRICE?

YOU MEAN... ME?

NOT YOU, MR KILEY. BUT BEFORE I CAN DO ANYTHING TO SAVE YOUR WIFE, YOU MUST BRING ME... A HUMAN HEART!

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

Jack was gone nearly twenty minutes and returned with no explanation of where he had been...

Wherever it was, it didn't satisfy his restlessness. In fact, it was worse...! At times when I turn to my husband for comfort, he is becoming a stranger to me.

We said very little to each other the rest of the afternoon. Sunset came, a golden-orange glow on the horizon. It filled me with an inner peace I had not known for some time...

Funny though, I had a curious feeling of being watched... and I wondered if death might already be eyeing me, waiting for the right moment to reach forth...

EXCERPT FROM THE POLICE
REPORT ON THE **DEATH** OF
KARL DRAFER.

POLICE REPORT

11:36 A.M.

Suspect observed lifting
wallet of unidentified
victim by security
officer #6A171



Officer attempted
pursuit, but efforts
proved **unsuccessful**.
The suspect
disappeared in the
carnival crowd.
We later concluded
he had in the tent
where his body
was subsequently
found.



I NEVER
THOUGHT SUCH
BEAUTY WAS
POSSIBLE...

I SHOULD
RUN! THE
POLICE ARE PROBABLY
SEARCHING THE
GROUNDS FOR
ME...

...BUT TO
RUN WOULD BE
TO LEAVE YOU
ALONE,
BUTTERFLY
QUEEN...

... AND I DON'T
THINK I COULD
BRING MYSELF TO
DO THAT.

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY
OF CASSANDRA KILEY.

Jackson seems moody
and preoccupied today.
I had hoped he would
share with me the
simple pleasures of
the carnival...but his
mind is elsewhere.

THE
FULFILLMENT
OF EVERY FANTASY...
THEY ARE **WRONG!**

SHE IS
MY EVERY
FANTASY.



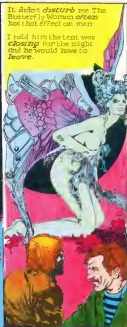
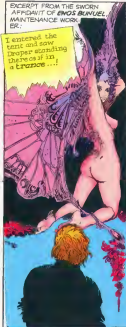
EXCERPT FROM THE SWORN
AFFIDAVIT OF ENOS BLUMVEL
MAINTENANCE WORK
ER:

I entered the
tent and saw
Drooper standing
there as if in
a trance....

It didn't disturb me. The
Butterfly Woman often
has that effect on men.

I told him the tent was
closing for the night
and he would have to
leave.

He hated to
draw himself
away from
her.



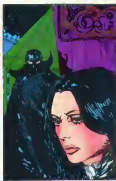
...but I had no idea he would
try to sneak back in
after I left!

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF
CASSANDRA KILEY:

*It was a good day in spite
of Jackson, but the time
had come to return home...*

*Suddenly I sensed a change in
his manner... He was happy...!
but it was not a natural
happiness. There was some-
thing almost evil in his smile
as he asked me to wait for him.*





A young couple was reported missing by Choctaw County police yesterday...!

Jackson and Cassandra Kiley disappeared last night. Friends say they failed to return from the carnival which they attended early yesterday morning.

A preliminary search has turned up no trace of the missing couple.

A
E
E
E!



I RECOGNIZE HIM NOW... IT'S THE MAN WHO TRIED TO PICK MY POCKET THIS MORNING...!

THAT MAKES IT EASIER! I DOUBT ANYONE WOULD MISS A MAN LIKE THAT.

AND WHEN I BRING THE SHAMAN HIS HEART, MY BEAUTIFUL CASSANDRA WILL LIVE!



EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY

I knew the scream had come from Jackson... I ran toward the tent... but slipped out of the shadows blocking my path.

He came toward me, his face as white as death. But I knew he brought me the gift of... life! ...eternal life!

Since the night my husband vanished, I have come to know this man well. He is my friend, my companion, my lover... his name is DRACULA!

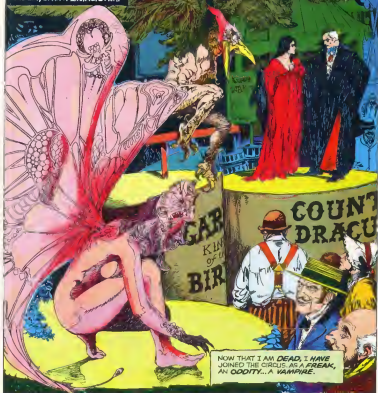


DRACULA

THE WINGED SHAFT OF FATE

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF
CASSANDRA KILEY:

IT SEEMS ALMOST FUNNY NOW
WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I HAD
VISIONS OF RUNNING AWAY
TO JOIN THE CIRCUS, PERHAPS
AS A BEAUTIFUL BAREBACK
RIDER, OR AN AERIALIST...



NOW THAT I AM DEAD, I HAVE
JOINED THE CIRCUS, AS A FREAK,
AN ODDITY... A VAMPIRE.

MY NEW **LIFE**, IF SUCH IT CAN BE CALLED, BEGAN THAT FATEFUL NIGHT IN **CHOCTAW COUNTY**, SCARCELY A HOURS NIGHT AGO! ONE MOMENT I STOOD A LONELY, FRIGHTENED WOMAN, STRICKEN WITH A **TERMINAL DISEASE**...

IN THE NEXT, I BECAME THE CHOSEN MATE OF THE MAN CALLED **DRACULA**... WITH MORE REASON TO FEAR **LIFE** THAN DEATH.



NEITHER OF US REALIZED THAT THE UNHOLY DEED HAD BEEN **WITNESSED** BY A CREATURE WHO CALLED HIMSELF **HUMAN**... YET SOMEHOW SEEMED **WILER**... MORE **OBSCENE** THAN THE **MONSTROSITIES** HE DISPLAYED.

HIS NAME WAS **KING CARNIVAL**.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, **COUNT DRACULA**, AND I AM **NOT** AFRAID OF YOU.



HOW IS IT THAT YOU **KNOW**?

ALL MY LIFE, I HAVE STUDIED THE **WONDEROUS** AND THE **BIZARRE**... THOSE THINGS WHICH CONSTITUTE THE **LEGENDS AND MYTHS** OF MAN BUT WHICH I KNOW TO BE **TRUTH**!

I **RESPECT** THESE THINGS AND THEY, IN TURN, COME TO **RESPECT ME**.



WHAT IS IT YOU **WANT** FROM US... AND WHAT DO YOU OFFER IN **RETURN**?

ISN'T IT **OBVIOUS** WHAT I WANT? AND IN RETURN YOU SHALL HAVE **PROTECTION** DURING THOSE DAYLIGHT HOURS WHEN YOU ARE **MOST VULNERABLE**.



EXCERPT FROM THE **TALLAHASSEE TIMES**, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908:

THE CIRCUS OF KING CARNIVAL, AN OUTLANDISH EXHIBIT OF THE **OCCULT** AND **SUPERNATURAL** IS DUE TO OPEN AT GREENGLADE FIELD THIS EVENING. AMONG THE NEW **ATTRACTIONS** PROMISED BY ITS PROPRIETOR IS THE INFAMOUS **COUNT DRACULA** AND A BEAUTIFUL **SHE-VAMPIRE**...



EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

DRACULA IS A STRANGE BEING! I **LOVE** HIM... BUT I ALSO **FEAR** HIM... OFTEN I WONDER WHAT **SECRETS** HE HOLDS WITHIN HIS SOUL.



I ONCE HEARD HIM MENTION A **WOMAN** HE LOVED... AND A **SON**!

TALLAHASSEE TIMES,
SEPTEMBER 18, 1908:

THE IVAN MORAN REAL ESTATE AGENCY REPORTED SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS **MISSING** FROM THE COMPANY SAFE THIS MORNING. THE ROBBERY, WHICH OCCURRED LATE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, COINCIDES WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF **HERBERT LARKIN**, AN EMPLOYEE OF THE FIRM FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS. POLICE NOW SEEK HIM FOR **QUESTIONING**.

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER DATED SEPTEMBER 11, 1908, FROM **HERBERT LARKIN** TO **MISS EVELYN HICKS**:
"DEAREST EVELYN, THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO ACT. TOO LONG HAVE **FALSE HOPES** AND **POVERTY** KEPT US APART... **DENIED** US THE LIFE WE HAVE **PLANNED** TOGETHER FOR SO LONG...!"

"I KNOW YOU WILL **FORGIVE** ME FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE, AND REALIZE THAT ONLY MY **LOVE** FOR YOU COULD DRIVE ME TO SUCH DEPTHS OF **DESPERATION!**"



"MEET ME WITHOUT FAIL ON THE MIDWAY OF THE CARNIVAL TOMORROW AFTER SUNDOWN. FROM THERE, WE SHALL MOVE TO A NEW CITY, AND YOU WILL HAVE EVERYTHING I'VE EVER PROMISED YOU..."



EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

A CURIOUS INCIDENT OCCURRED TONIGHT DRACULA'S ATTENTION TURNED TO A YOUNG WOMAN IN THE CROWD. AND THE **CHANGE** THAT CAME OVER HIM WAS **REMARKABLE**. HIS TALL, STEADY FRAME BEGAN TO **QUIVER**, AND I FEARED FOR A MOMENT HE WOULD **COLLAPSE**....!"



THE WOMAN WALKED BY, NOT EVEN *SEEING* US. BUT A DEEP WISTFUL LOOK CAME INTO DRACULA'S EYES... A LOOK OF *HOPE*, A LOOK OF *PAIN*...

YET HE SAID NOTHING, AND I COULD DO NO MORE THAN *WONDER* AS TO ITS CAUSE.



EXCERPT FROM THE JOURNAL OF AMELIA PARROT, DATED SEPTEMBER 12, 1908:

SHORTLY I'LL BEGIN MY NEW JOB AS *SCHOOL MISTRESS*. IN ONE SENSE, I LOOK FORWARD TO IT! BUT IN ANOTHER, I *DREAD* IT! THE SIGHT OF ALL THOSE LITTLE CHILDREN ONLY REMINDS ME HOW *EMPTY* AND *LOVELY* MY OWN LIFE IS...



GOOD AFTERNOON, MISS PARROT. YOU WEAR YOUR *SADNESS* WELL!

MY *SADNESS*?



NO NEED TO FEIGN *SURPRISE*. IF YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT I HAD THE POWER TO SEE INTO YOUR *SOUL* AND FORESEE YOUR *FUTURE*, THEN YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED COMING *IN* HERE.

I AM NOT CALLED AESCLEPIOS, THE SHAMAN, WITHOUT REASON. I SEE ALL THAT THE FUTURE *HOLDS* FOR YOU...

THEN *TELL* ME...

VERY WELL, I SEE SOMETHING IN YOUR FUTURE THAT YOU HAVE *SHUNNED* IN THE PAST, YET *PRAYED* FOR IN THE PRESENT...

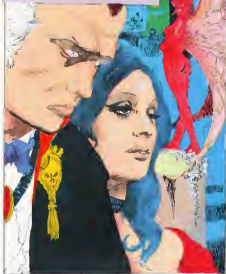


"... A MAN WHO WILL *LOVE* AND *CARE* FOR YOU."



EXCERPT FROM THE
DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

THANK GOD IT IS OVER FOR TONIGHT...
THE **STARING** AND THE **DEGRADATION**.
THEY LOOK AT US NOT BECAUSE WE
ARE **BEAUTIFUL**, BUT BECAUSE WE
ARE...**ODDITIES**.



I FEEL THE **THIRST** COME
UPON ME AGAIN, AND I THINK
BACK TO THAT **FIRST TASTE**
OF **BLOOD**. IT FELT **STRANGE**...!
IT NEITHER **PLEASED** NOR
REPULSED ME. BUT I WAS
GLAD DRACULA WAS THERE
TO **SHARE** IT WITH ME.



EVEN NOW HE STALKS THE CARNIVAL
GROUNDS, CHOOSING THE UNFORTUNATE
MORTAL WHO WILL ALLOW US TO
SURVIVE YET ANOTHER NIGHT...!

EVELYN **MUST** BE
HERE SOMEWHERE...
SHE WOULDN'T **DESERT**
ME, NOT AFTER WHAT
I'VE **DONE** FOR
HER.



SOMETHING
MUST HAVE GONE
WRONG. PERHAPS
HE WAS **CAUGHT**?
PERHAPS THE
POLICE HAVE
HIM?

NO! NOT AFTER
WE'VE WAITED SO
LONG! IT COULDN'T
HAPPEN TO US
NOW...!



HE IS **HERE**
SOMEWHERE! I CAN
FEEL IT. THE **LOVE**
I HAVE BEEN PROMISED
IS **HERE**... IF ONLY I
COULD **FIND** IT!



EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF
CASSANDRA KILEY:

WHEN DRACULA APPROACHED THE
GIRL, SHE DIDN'T EVEN SEEM
FRIGHTENED. IT WAS AS THOUGH
SHE REALIZED SHE WAS IN THE
PRESENCE OF AN **IRRESISTIBLE**
FORCE.



MUCH THE SAME WAY I
FELT WHEN I FIRST
ENCOUNTERED DRACULA.



YOUR WORDS
DRACULA, I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

IT WAS A **LIFETIME**
AGO, CASSANDRA, I FELT
LOVE...BUT I COULD NOT
BEAR TO TELL MY LOVER
WHO...OR WHAT I WAS.
WHEN SHE FOUND OUT, SHE
FLED FROM ME IN
TERROR!

SHE DIED...!
BUT BEFORE
DEATH TOOK
HER, SHE
BORE ME A
SON...

...A SON
WHO LATER TRIED
TO **KILL ME**!



CARE TO
TELL ME
ABOUT IT?

PERHAPS SOMETIME
SOON, MY DEAR, RIGHT
NOW I WISH ONLY TO
DO WHAT I HAVE TRIED
TO DO **SINCE** THAT
NIGHT...



...FORGET.



EVELYN! OH, MY
GOD, EVELYN!



OH, MY DARLING, HOW
COULD FATE PLAY SUCH A
CRUEL **JOKE** UPON US?
I CAN'T EVEN CALL THE
POLICE! NOT WITH TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS OF
STOLEN MONEY IN
MY POSSESSION.



FROM THE JOURNAL OF **AMELIA PARROT**

WHEN I FIRST CAME UPON HIM, HE WAS
KNEELING OVER THE FALLEN BODY OF A
WOMAN ON THE MIDWAY I SHOULD HAVE
BEEN **HORRIFIED**. I SHOULD HAVE
SCREAMED FOR THE **POLICE**.

BUT HE LOOKED SO
PITIFUL, I DIDN'T.

THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO
DO BUT TURN MYSELF **IN**. I
WAS WILLING TO BE A
FUGITIVE FOR YOUR LOVE,
MY DARLING, BUT WITHOUT
IT THERE IS NO POINT, I DON'T
EVEN **CARE** WHAT HAPPENS
TO ME NOW...



BUT PERHAPS
THERE ARE
OTHERS WHO
DO...

WHO
ARE
YOU?

DOES IT **MATTER?** YOU
DON'T CARE WHAT **HAPPENS**
TO YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE **LONELY!**
BUT GOING TO JAIL IS NOT THE
ANSWER. WHAT'S DONE IS
DONE! BUT CASTING YOURSELF
INTO A PRISON CELL WON'T
MAKE THINGS **EASIER**.

I **KNOW** WHAT LONELINESS
IS. I FACE IT EVERY TIME I
WALK INTO AN EMPTY
BEDROOM AT NIGHT, AND NO
MATTER WHAT CHRISTIAN
FOLKS SAY, I DON'T THINK
THERE IS ANYTHING **WORSE**
IN THE WORLD.



SO CALL THE
POLICE IF YOU
WANT TO, BUT THAT
WON'T DO EITHER
ONE OF US ANY
GOOD.

EXCERPT FROM THE **TALLAHASSEE TIMES**, SEPTEMBER 14, 1908:

THE BODIES OF A MAN AND WOMAN WERE DISCOVERED NEAR GREENGLADE FIELD THIS MORNING. THE VICTIMS WERE IDENTIFIED AS HERBERT W. LARKIN AND AMELIA A. PARROT, BOTH OF TALLAHASSEE....



THE CAUSE OF DEATH HAS NOT YET BEEN DETERMINED, BUT SEVERE WOUNDS AROUND THE NECK AND THROAT LED THE POLICE TO SUSPECT FOUL PLAY. LARKIN WAS ALSO SOUGHT BY POLICE FOR QUESTIONING IN AN EMBEZZLEMENT CASE EARLIER THIS WEEK....



POLICE ARE CURRENTLY SEEKING MISS EVELYN HICKS, THE FIANCÉE OF MR. LARKIN, WHO **DISAPPEARED** ABOUT THE TIME THE BODIES WERE DISCOVERED.



FROM THE DIARY OF
CASSANDRA KILEY!

WE TRAVEL AGAIN! TO **ANOTHER** TOWN...WHICH WILL PROBABLY BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM THIS ONE.

THE PLACES CHANGE, THE
PEOPLE CHANGE...



BUT SOMEHOW, THE **FACES** ALWAYS STAY THE SAME!

PROLOGUE

HE COULDN'T REMEMBER WHEN SHE'D FELT THIS **LOVELY**. THE MONTHS AFTER DAVID'S DEATH HAD BEEN DIFFICULT, BUT HER FRIENDS SAID THE HURT WOULD **HEAL** WITH TIME.

THEY WERE EITHER
FOOLS OR **LIES**.

NO, SHE THOUGHT... THAT WAS BEING **UNFAIR**. THEY **UNDER-ESTIMATED** THE EXTENT OF HER **LOVE** FOR HIM. FLEETINGLY, THE SHADE OF HIS STRONG, TANNED BODY DRIFTED INTO HER MIND...

...AND PROMPTLY **FADED**, DESPITE HER STRAINED EFFORTS TO RETAIN IT. FOR A WHILE, DURING THOSE EARLY MONTHS, SHE HAD THOUGHT OF NOTHING **BUT** DAVID. WHY WAS IT NOW SO **DIFFICULT**...

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE IN FOR A GREAT **DISAPPOINTMENT**, BRENDIA. **HOPE** IS A FUNNY THING. WHEN YOU'VE GOT IT, YOU CAN SURVIVE ANYTHING... **ALMOST!**

BUT WHEN IT **GOES**, IT COULD TAKE YOUR **INSEDES** WITH IT. RIGHT, CAPTAIN? SOMETIMES I FEEL SO **EMPTY**. I DOUBT IT WOULD BE ANY GREAT **LOSS**.

YOU KNOW, BRENDIA, THERE ARE **OTHER** FORMS OF **DISAPPOINTMENT**. TOO... **ALMOST** **INVISIBLE** FORMS.

LIKE WHEN A GOOD FRIEND **BETRAYS** HERSELF?

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU REDUCED TO **SELF-PITY**. WHERE IS THE STRONG-WILLED INDEPENDENT BRENDIA BUCKLER WHO WOULD RISK **ANYTHING**...

...JUST TO KNOW IF HER HUSBAND WERE **DEAD** OR **ALIVE**!

SHE'S **TIED**. SORE AWFULLY **TIED**.

EIGHT MONTHS IN SPACE HAS GIVEN ME TIME TO **THINK**. ONCE I HAD ALL THE CONFIDENCE THAT GODS WITH **IMPULSE!**

NOW I'M NOT SO **SURE**...

...TO **FOCUS** ON THAT GENTLE, SENSITIVE FACE FOR EVEN A **MOMENT**?

SLIGHTLY THE SHUTTLECRAFT GLIDED THROUGH THE BLACK, ETERNAL UNIVERSE, FINALLY DESCENDING OVER AN EXOTICALLY TIMBERED *PLATEAU*...



THE TERRAIN WAS STRANGE YET FAMILIAR, PERHAPS BECAUSE IT REMINDED THE OTHER THIRTEEN PLANETS IN THE SECTOR WHICH WERE ALREADY SEARCHED AND ULTIMATELY ABANDONED.

THE MAN HUNTERS





AM DOWN AT THE TENDONS OF HER LEGS,
BUT IT COULDN'T COMPARE WITH THE
DESIRE MAN IN HER SOUL.

HE SHOULD
BE SAFE IN
THIS CAVE.



DAWN NICHED SLOWLY
OVER THE HORIZON ENDING
A NIGHT THAT OFFERED
BRENDA NO SLEEP...

MY STRENGTH
IS GIVING OUT.
JORG, I'M NOT
SURE I
WANT TO
GO ON...



MAYBE I
SHOULD END
IT ALL
RIGHT NOW!

I DON'T WANT
TO HEAR THAT
KIND OF TALK,
BRENDA.



I WON'T STAND BY
AND WATCH YOU COMMIT
SUICIDE! YOU CAN'T
DESTROY EVERYTHING
YOU'VE BELIEVED
IN... NOT WHEN
YOU'VE COME
SO FAR.

JORG
P-PLEASE
STOP...
Y-YOU'RE
HURTING
ME!



I'M SORRY BRENDA.
IT SEEMS THE PAST
FEW DAYS HAVE
TURNED US INTO
STRANGERS.

JORG!
BEHIND
YOU...



JORG TURNED,
ALREADY SENSING
WHAT HE WOULD FIND.
AND HE WAS DEAD
RIGHT.

OH, GOD!
I CHOKED!



...BUT THEN, BY SOME FATE, TRIDENT CRUSHED AND SLUCKED AT HIS BODY, DRIVING HIM CLOSER TO THE VIOLENT RUSH. HIS LIFE FLOWED THROUGH RED PINK WELLS IN HIS FLESH...



THE FOOD OF THE GODS. THE PLAYING MAN THREW HER MIND AS SHE SAW JORD ABSORBED... EATEN ALIVE, AND DIGESTED. COULD IT BE PERHAPS THE ULTIMATE FATE OF MAN?



FOR SOME, MAN DEPICTED GOD IN HIS OWN IMAGE. WHAT IF THIS WERE THE DIRTY MAN HAD BLINDLY WORSHIPPED FROM AFAR? SRENDIA DECIDED SHE WAS NOT READY TO MEET HER CREATOR.



THE CREATURE HAD SWIFT, AND SRENDIA FELT THE LONG, TAPPING TENTACLE OBSCENELY CARESS HER BODY. MONTHS OF SEARCHING AND DENIAL... WAS THIS HER REWARD? A LONELY DEATH ON AN ALIEN PLANET?



THEN...

IT'S PUTTING ME DOWN! IT DOESN'T WANT TO HARM ME... BUT WANTS ME TO FOLLOW... I S'IT'S INTELLIGENT!

THEY WALKED UNTIL THE SUN ONCE MORE DESCENDED...



...THEN THEY RESTED. STRANGELY, SRENDIA FELT COMFORTED... ALMOST PROTECTED... BY THE BLUE-ENCASED TENTACLE.

SHE FELT... LESS LONELY.

MOVING CAVE, THE JOURNEY CONTINUED. SHE HAD
GROWN TO **RESPECT** THIS CREATURE. EVEN **TRUST**
IT. SHE FOLLOWED MORE OUT OF **CURIOSITY**
THAN **FEAR**.

DESIDER, EVEN THIS MONSTROUS COMPANIONSHIP
WAS BETTER THAN BEING ALONE.

A-A
CITY!

BRONDA HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH
ELABORATE AND COMPLEX
MACHINERY. SHE DIDN'T REALIZE
THE LABORATORY HAD BEEN
ABANDONED. IT WAS OBSOLETE.

IT'S SOME KIND
OF ADVANCED
LABORATORY!

THE TONIANS HAD DEVELOPED
THE PERIOD-POWER **CENTURIES**
BEFORE. IT RECORDED NOT ONLY
SIGHT AND SOUND, BUT **EMOTION**.
IT WAS **LIFE** REDUCED TO A
GLASS TUBE.

PURITY VIBRATES,
PULSES TO THE PISTON,
MURDERED LIL.

SHEDD DROPPED DOWN.

THIS WAS A **RECORD**... OF WHAT
HAPPENED TO **DAVID**, SHE THOUGHT
HE HAD **HERE**! HIS DUTLCRAFT
SCREAMED FROM THE HEAVENS...

...AND SHE WAS
WITH HIM! HER
AND JONED WAS
AS HE PLUMMETED
TO DEATH...

...TO HIS DEATH!

NO TENSE THEY LIVED BECAUSE NOT
KNOVING THE FEARS, DESIRES AND AMBITIONS
HAST FORMULATED HIS SECRET THOUGHTS,
WITH **DEATH IMMINENT**, THOSE THINGS
FLASHED - WROTH, ALREADY



BRENDA WAS MORE
THAN A LITTLE
SHOCKED.



MIRACULOUSLY, DEATH **DIDN'T** COME FROM THE CHARRED WRECKAGE
EMERGED A WEAK, STUNNED FIGURE, THAT LIVED BY **WILL ALONE.**



THOSE WHO FOUND HIM WERE **PUZZLED.**
NEW SPECIES OF LIFE HADN'T BEEN RE-
PORTED FOR **MILLENNIUMS!** THIS ONE
HAD A SOFT, FRAGILE, SHELL...AND ONLY
TWO EYES!



THE THING WAS A **CURIOUS RACE.**
THEY BOUGHT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT
THIS NEW CREATURE... TO **STUDY IT...**
LEARN ITS HABITS.



THEY SAW THAT THE
STRANGE ANIMAL'S
BODY WAS **SMATTERED**
BEYOND REPAIR.

SO THEY GAVE IT A **NEW ONE...**
TRANSPLANTING THE **BRAIN**
AND VITAL ORGANS INTO A
RESERVE BODY!

THEY THOUGHT IT AN **INTERESTING**
EXPERIMENT TO SEE HOW
WELL THE CREATURE **ADAPTED**
TO ITS NEW EXISTENCE.

THAT'S THE **END**
OF THE RECORDING...
THEN THAT CREATURE
THAT LED ME HERE...

...IS
MY
HUSBAND!



I'VE TRAVELLED
MILLIONS OF
MILES, **SEVEN EIGHT**
MONTHS OF MY
LIFE...

...TO
FIND THE
MAN I
LOVE!



ONLY TO
FIND THAT
HE'S NOW A
MONSTER!

PHYSICALLY,
DAVID IS
GONE!

BUT THE
MAN HE
WAS...DEEP
INSIDE, STILL
EXISTS!

HE'S
CHANGED!



BUT THEN, I'M NOT THE SAME WOMAN
I WAS BEFORE **EITHER!** I'VE
LEARNED OF LIFE, DEATH,
TRUTH...AND LOVE!

I'VE
CHANGED,
TOO!

I'VE GOT TO
ACCEPT MY HUSBAND
AS HE IS **NOW!** I HAVE
TO **STAY!** EVEN IF IT
MEANS BECOMING
LIKE HIM!



BRENDA KNEW THE
DAYS AHEAD WOULD
BE DIFFICULT BUT
NOW THERE WAS NO
TURNING **BACK!**

SHE HAD REGAINED **STRENGTH...**AND
SHE HAD REGAINED A **HUSBAND.**

SHE WAS
HAPPY.





PURGE!





LIKE ALL ENFORCERS USED BLACK WAS A **MARKSMAN** HE DIDN'T HAVE TO USE HIS TALENT **OFTEN** BUT WHEN HE DID HE REVEALED IN THE **PLEASURE** IT BROUGHT HIM

I CAN REMEMBER A TIME WHEN THOSE POOR BUGGERS WOULD HAVE GONE TO **TRIAL!**



AND I CAN REMEMBER WHEN THIS KINDA THING HAPPENED **THREE TIMES A DAY!**

WHY, 'TIL NOW, THERE AIN'T BEEN A **MAJOR CRIME** IN THIS BURG FOR OVER A MONTH!

YESSIR, THE **WRM** PROMISED AMERICA **LAW AND ORDER** IF WE VOTED 'EM IN. AND BY GOD, THEY'VE **DELIVERED!**

YEAH, THESE ENFORCERS ARE ALL RIGHT BY ME. THEY DON'T **MAKE MISTAKES!**



THANKLESS IDIOT!

HISTORY 380: NOTES ON WRM (WORLD RECLAMATION MOVEMENT.)

- "MULTINATIONAL SOCIO-ECOLOGICAL REACTION," UNIQUE IN HISTORY.
- INVOLVES NO RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION OR POLITICAL REPRESSION.
- WRM WORKS WITHIN LAWS OF GIVEN COUNTRY IN ATTEMPT TO ACT ON ITS AREAS OF CONCERN, IT FAVOURS STRICT, HARSH TREATMENT OF CRIME AND OTHER **SOCIAL ILLS**... I.E. PERMISSIVANESS, POLLUTION ETC.
- HAS BEEN ELECTED TO POWER AND AFFECTED WIDE CHANGE IN COUNTRIES SUCH AS BRITAIN, BRAZIL, BURMA AND MOST IMPORTANTLY... U.S.A.



I'M SURE THE **WORD'S** OUT... THEY'VE GOT AN A.P.B. ON ME!



EVERY ENFORCER IN THE CITY WILL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ME... AND WHAT'S IN MY **LITTLE CASE** HERE!



BUT I'LL BE **DAMNED** IF I'LL LET THEM TAKE THIS **AWAY** FROM ME AND **DESTROY** IT!

HUH...? A CAR!

WHUMP!

HEY! WATCH OUT, YA ZOMBIE!



SENATE SUB-COMMITTEE REPORT ON THE ENFORCER SYSTEM OF JUSTICE

- 1. THE ENFORCERS ARE BY NATURE A FORCE OF ARMED JUDGES, DISPENSING JUSTICE ON THE STREETS AND ELIMINATING THE TIME AND EXPENSE OF THE JURY SYSTEM.
- 2. ON THE SURFACE THIS IS A SERIOUS THREAT TO INDIVIDUAL CIVIL RIGHTS, BUT IN FACT IT IS A TRADE, AGREED TO BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, OF CIVIL RIGHTS FOR CIVIL ORDER.
- 3. ENFORCERS ARE HIGHLY TRAINED IN ALL POINTS OF NEW LAW, AND ARE AUTHORIZED TO ISSUE DEATH FOR MAJOR CRIMES INTERRUPTED IN PROGRESS AND TO LEVY FINES OR DE FACTO INCONVENIENCE, IN LIEU OF CONFINEMENT, FOR MISDEMEANORS.
- 4. FINES, SENTENCES OF GRATIS PUBLIC SERVICE OR INCARCERATION AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENTS TO FIT THE CRIME, ALL CARRY THE SAME FINALITY AS A JURY DECISION, ANY DEATH JUDGMENT HANDED DOWN BY AN ENFORCER IS SUBJECT TO A HEARING.





FIREARM BAN BLAMED FOR OVERPOPULATION OF GAME

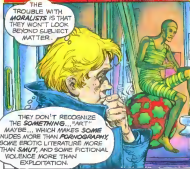
WASHINGTON (AP) The federal law against the private ownership of firearms is being blamed for the long-term overpopulation of game animals and game bird species, according to a report by the National Wildlife Federation.

DEATH RATES EXPECTED TO RISE IN TWO YEARS

WASHINGTON (UPI) Deaths of recent immigrants related solely by the United States and Canada, the two largest sources of immigrants to the United States, it is expected that the death rate will rise in the next two years, according to a report by the U.S. Census Bureau.

CENSUS SHOWS URBAN POPULATION DECLINE

WASHINGTON (UPI) For the third straight year, the national census has shown a marked decrease in America's population. The census shows that the population of the United States is declining, according to the U.S. Census Bureau.



"AND CARRYING A LARGE BLACK PORTFOLIO. ALL ENFORCERS ARE ASKED TO BE ON WATCH FOR TAYLOR, WANTED FOR POSSESSION OF PORNOGRAPHIC MATERIAL."



"AH... AN OLD BUDDY WITH ANOTHER SEX CRIME, NO DOUBT!"



NOW AT THE LYCEUM
SHIRLEY TEMPLE BLACK JR.
"THE NEW HEIDI"
CLINT EASTWOOD
"GRAMPS!"

I GUESS THAT ROBBERY WAS THE ONLY REAL ACTION I'LL BE WAITING FOR A WHILE! SEEMS ALL WE GET ANY MORE ARE TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS AND MORALITY MISDEMEANORS.

CINEMA ADULT

A NAUGHTY HIT FROM THE PUNK-ROCK

THAT TOUCH OF MINK
RATED X
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

OPEN FRIDAY
MIDNIGHT SHOW
VIVACIOUS MUSICAL VERSION
OF THAT VINTAGE TV GEN:
"LEAVE IT TO BEAVER"

HEY BEAV!

STOP
THAT MAN!

THE AVON
CINEMA

43rd St. on
BROADWAY

THE NIGHT SPOT
CLUB INDIGO
FEATURING
AMERICA'S GRAND OLD LADY
OF SONG
AMITA BRYANT
FRI 26th THRU 30th ONLY!



HOW COULD HE DUCK US? HE WAS LIAPING SO BADLY!





BOARD OF INQUIRY TO INVESTIGATE OVERZEALOUS ACTION BY ENFORCERS

THE EARLY UNEASE WITH WHICH THE PUBLIC VIEWED THE CONCEPT OF ENFORCER JUSTICE HAS BEEN LAID REST BY FIVE YEARS OF FAULTLESS PERFORMANCE BY THE "STREET JUDGES".

IN THIS LAST WEEK, HOWEVER, TWO BOARDS OF INQUIRY RESURREC-

TED SOME OF THE OLD TREPIDATIONS BY RULING THAT ENFORCERS WERE GUILTY OF OVERREACTION IN TWO SEPARATE CASES.

"IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME, AND NOW IT APPEARS AS THOUGH IT'S ALL STARTING TO COME DOWN AT ONCE," SAYS

THE A.C.L.U.'S TOM BRAMLEY OF THE DECISIONS. THE FIRST OF THEIR KIND, WHICH FOUND ENFORCERS KEVIN DAVIS OF TULSA, AND RON QUEEN OF SYRACUS, GUILTY OF OVERZEALOUS EXECUTION OF THEIR OFFICES.

SPOKESMEN FOR THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

OF ENFORCERS (NAE), AGREE THAT IT WAS INDEED JUST A MATTER OF TIME. "AFTER ALL, WHAT ORGANIZATION OR INDIVIDUAL CAN CLAIM PERFECTION, BESIDES, THESE WERE MINOR MATTERS AND THE ENFORCERS' MISJUDGMENT WAS NOT SERIOUS IN EITHER CASE."





HE'S RUNNING!
I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ALL
THE NAKED DEFIANCE I
CAN SWALLOW!

DAMN! NO
PLACE TO
HIDE!

I TOLD
YOU TO STOP
MISTER!

CAN'T
RUN ON THIS
LEG. HE'LL
CATCH ME!

FIRST THOSE
PINHEADS AT THE
BANK... THEN THOSE
PERVERTS UPSTAIRS...
AND NOW THIS
SCUMBAG!

LAST
WARNING,
YOU
DRECK!

OH MY
GOD!!

BAM!

OH... NO!
WHAT DID I...
DO?

DEATH
FOR A
MISDEMEAN-
OR!

BUT THE MOTHER
FROCKED ME, I'LL BE
RAKED OVER, BUT I KNOW
THE ENFORCERS WILL
BACK ME! WE'VE ALL TALKED
ABOUT THIS EVENTUALITY IN
THEORY.

HELL, MAYBE THE INVESTIGATION
WILL EVEN CHANGE THE OLD PORNOGRAPHY
STATUTES. FINALLY...

...BECAUSE IF
ANYBODY DESERVED
TO DIE, IT'S THIS
FILTH!

HAUNTINGLY *BEAUTIFUL*.
HEARTBREAKINGLY *LONELY*.



EVEN THE COLD, DEAD STONE
FROM WHICH SHE IS HEAVN
IS... WARM... *ALLURING*...

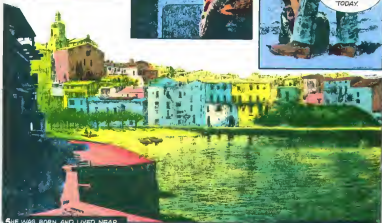


...AN IMAGE FOR WHICH A MAN
MIGHT *DIE*.



"BORN
NOVEMBER 13,
1945, LIVED IN
MYSTERY, DIS-
APPEARED INTO
THE SEA, NOVEM-
BER 13, 1965."

FAR OUT.
BORN *THIRTY*
YEARS AGO, DIED
TEN YEARS AGO
TODAY.



SHE WAS BORN AND LIVED NEAR
THE GREEK HARBOR, JUST ACROSS
THE BAY. AT ONE OF THOSE TINY
WINDOWS, SHE GREW INTO A
WOMAN, GAZING EVER UPON THE
SEA... *GAZING* AT IT, *DEVOURING* IT...

...AND EVENTUALLY BECOMING
PART OF IT

FROM THE *FIRST* DAY
OF HER LIFE UNTIL THE
LAST SHE WAS
BETROTHED TO THESE
DARK WATERS. SHE
WAS A CHILD BORN TO
THINGS UNKNOWN.

YET, RATHER THAN BEING
REPELLED BY HER NOXIOUS,
SUPERNATURAL AROMA,
PEOPLE... *GENTLEMEN*
AT LEAST... WERE MORE
THAN SLIGHTLY *DRAWN* TO
THE HAUNTING GIRL. THE
GIRL NAMED *JANE*.

JANIS!



ONE MOONLESS NIGHT, WHEN BLACK WARE-TAIL CLOUDS BLEW ACROSS CHILL NOVEMBER STARS, JANIS ANSWERED SOME CALL FROM THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.



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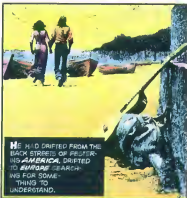
JANIS WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN. HER BODY NEVER WASHED ASHORE. SHE WAS GONE... FOREVER.



UNTIL NOVEMBER 13, YESTERDAY!



I'VE
COME
TO ME
YOU WITH
ME



HE HAD DRIFTED FROM THE
BACK STREETS OF PEEPER-
ING **AMERICA**, DRIFTED
TO **EMERGE** SEARCH-
ING FOR SOME-
THING TO
UNDERSTAND.



LIKE A STRAW, AWAITING
UPON THE WINDS OF
CHANCE, HE BLEW ACROSS
THE MEDITERRANEAN,
COMING TO **REST** HERE
ON THE GREEK ISLES.



AND INDEED, HE FOUND SOME-
THING **SIMPLE** TO UNDERSTAND.

A GENTLE
SONG OF LOVE.



BLETHELY IMPELLED, HOPELESSLY
DRAWN TO THE LOVELY VISION,
DROWNING SOFTLY IN THE MOMENT'S
ENCAPTURING MAGIC, HE **FOLLOWED**
HER.



ACROSS A LOVE HAUNTED DREAM OF UNSUBSTANTIAL WONDER... RESULING, ENTHRALLING WAS THE GIRL, THE NIGHT, THE BECKONING SEA,

ALL SPRINKLED WITH MAGIC DUST, DANCING AWAY, SINGING A SIREN'S SONG OF LANDS BEYOND HIS FANTASIES, JANIS SURELY LED HIM.

WHIRLING, SWIRLING, ENTICING HIM, ENCHANTING HIM, CLOUDING HIS SOUL WITH DREAMS REALIZED AND PROMISES WHISPERED, HE CHASED BEHIND HER.

SHE DREW HIM... UNERRINGLY... DELIRIOUSLY, TO THE TOMBING DEPTHS... THE TOMING, KNOLLING, BROODING DEPTHS...

OF THE BONE-NUMBING SEA!

COVERING HIM, PROTECTING HIM, ENVELOPING HIS BODY, HIS SENSES, HIS VERY DIVINE SPIRIT IN PLACENTAL CONTENTMENT, THE WATER CLOSED AS A COFFIN LID ABOVE HIM.

IT WAS A RETURN TO THE WOMB WITH THE BRIGHT ANGEL OF LIFE AS HIS GUIDE!

THE MEDITERRANEAN, COLDER THAN FEAR, THICKER THAN EBBON NIGHT, DEEPER THAN SLEEP, MORE INFINITE THAN DEATH.

AND MORE FILLED WITH NIGHTMARISH SENSATIONS THAN A NARCOTIC REVERIE...

FILLED WITH WRAITHS AND PHANTOMS, SPIRITRES AND BEASTS OF SUCH SPLENDID HORROR AS MIGHT EXPLODE MEN'S SOULS WITH STARBURSTING GRIM ECSTASY.

WITH A GARDEN OF DAZZLING, UNWORLDLY TERRORS, SHE DELIGHTED HIS MORTAL EYES.

AND THEN... WITHOUT WARNING OR CHANCE FOR
THOUGHT TO PANIC, OR THOUGHT TO SCREAM...SHE
RUPTURED HIS IMMORTAL SOUL!



SHE DID NOT WRITE IN VOANT ISSUES MADNESS, NEITHER DID SHE VOID
HER BOWELS IN DIARRHETIC CONVULSIONS OF HORROR...AS DID **HE**!

THEY SIMPLY **CAME**. TO **HAVE** HIM.

YET IT WAS
SAD TO LET
HIM **GO**...TO
GIVE HIM UP
SO **SOON**.

FOR HE WAS SOMETHING
SHE SOMEHOW **NEEDED**.
SOMETHING FOR WHICH
SHE ONCE MORE **LONGED**.


SHE LET HIS
FINGER **SLIDE**
AWAY FROM
HERS. AND SHE
WAS **SAD**.

BUT SHE HAD **LONG AGO**
CHOSEN THE **SEA**. AS **COMPANION**,
HUSBAND, MASTER
AND **LOVER**... BOUND BY
SPIRITS TO OBEY ITS OFT
HARSH **COMMANDS**, AND
THE **COMMANDS** OF THOSE
THAT DWELT **WITHIN** IT.

SHE SADLY WATCHED HIM **LEAVE** HER.
LONGELINESS SWEPT OVER HER. SHE
WISHED SHE'D HAVE HELD HIM A LITTLE
LONGER.

SHE THEN MADE HER-
SELF A **SECRET VOW**.

THE NEXT ONE SHE'D KEEP PER-
HAPS JUST AN **HOUR LONGER**.
SURELY **THEY** WOULD UNDER-
STAND. JUST AN EXTRA **HOUR**.



SO JANIS IS EVERMORE
COMMITTED TO SERVE HER
ONE LOVE, THE **SEA**... AND
THE THINGS THAT ARE **IN** IT!

YET, ALWAYS WILL SHE
YEARN FOR THAT WHICH SHE
HAS **FORSAKEN** FOR ALL
TIME... SOMETHING **HUMAN**
TO CLING TO FOR JUST
A LITTLE WHILE.

PERHAPS SHE'LL COME
TO CHOOSE **ANOTHER** BRIEF
DOOMED LOVER ON **ANOTHER**
THIRTEENTH OF NOVEMBER
NIGHT.



AT LEAST
THAT'S THE PRE-
MISE OF THE **NOVEL**.
I'M WRITING BASED
ON THIS ACTUAL PEAS-
ANT **SUPERSTI-**
TION.



I SIMPLY
BELIEVE SUCH
FANTASY-FICTION
IS BEST ENJOYED
WHEN THE READER
SUSPECTS IT MIGHT...
AFTER ALL...



...BE TRUE!

PREVIEW:

CREEPY NO. 75

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

Neal Adams, Budd Lewis, Wally Wood, Jim Stanstrum, John Severin, Archie Goodwin, Gerry Boudreau, Jose Ortiz, Alex Toth. A star-studded line-up of the best artists and writers in comics today. But what else does CREEPY #75 have for you? The Belloenists Escape Chronicle. A future epic of heroism and danger. The Phantom of Pleasure Island. And his unknowing victims. Death Expression. A vampire tale of the old West. A Thrill Kill. A murderer at large who terrorizes a city. Creeps. A little man's tale of revenge. Don't miss CREEPY # 75. ON SALE SEPTEMBER 23rd!





AT ONE TIME I STUDIED
THE LAWS OF **SCIENCE**
AND **REVERED** AND **PROPOSED**
NATURAL AND **UNNATURAL**.

SO IT WAS, IN THAT QUEST ROLE... IF NOT THE **UNKNOWN**, SURELY
THE **UNEXPLAINED** THAT I CAME TO THE HOUSE UPON BACON STREET,
AND UNDER THE DRUMMALLY GREARY GAZE OF ITS OWNER, THE LONG
WIDOWED MRS. AMANDA KHAULMAN.

THE HOUSE ON BACON STREET SEEMED, JUDGING BY
THE MANY POLICE COMPLAINT RECORDS OF ALLEGED
PHANTASMATISM, EACH AND EVERY REPORT FILED
BY THE GOOD WIDOW, FAIRLY ALIVE WITH THE
PROSPECT OF...

...A **HAUNTING**! I COULD NOT PASS UP THE OPPORTUNITY TO
ENDEAVOR TO APPLY RATIONAL **TECHNOLOGY** TO THE PROBLEM
OF APPARITIONOUS SHENANIGANERY.

A MOST ABSORBING PROJECT... **MORTAL** AGAINST **IMMORTAL**.
ONLY **THIS** TIME, NO BELL, NO BOOK, NO CANDLE, A **MODERN**
APPROACH AGAINST A PROBLEM AS ANCIENT AS MAN'S OWN
CONSCIENCE...THE **UNDEAD**!

THE BEAST ON BACON STREET



SCRIPT:BUDD LEWIS/ART:NEED CRANDALL/COLOR:BILL DUBAY





WHATEVER THAT BEAST IS, IT'LL SURRENDER TO THIS DEVICE... BE HE PROTOPLASM OR CHALK!

YOU SEE, MADAM, THE THEORY CONCERNING THESE ASTRAL BEINGS IS THEY'RE CONSTRUCTED OF PARTICLES SAME AS YOU OR I, PARTICLES OF ENERGY

EXCEPT THOSE PARTICLES ARE CHARGED IN A **NEGATIVE** SENSE, AS OPPOSED TO FLESH AND BLOOD **POSITIVE**. QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY.



THIS CORRIDOR WILL SERVE AS A... SHALL I SAY... **CLEANSING CHAMBER**

ONE PLATE IS THUS CHARGED **POSITIVE** AND THE OTHER METAL PLATE CONCEALED DOWN THERE, IS ELECTRICALLY CHARGED **NEGATIVE**. IT'S ALL CONNECTED BY THIS VOLTAGE REGULATOR SWITCH BOX.

MY GOOD MAN, I'VE CALLED FOR AN **EXORCIST**, A **MEDIUM** AND A **MENTALIST** TO **TRY** ME OR THE BEAST! THEY ALL **PAILED**. I DON'T FANCY YOUR **GADGETS** WILL...



TUT TUT, MADAM, MEDIUMS AND GHOST BREAKERS ARE A KIND OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS **PAST**. POTIONS AND CHARMS AND PENTAGRAMS ARE **ONLY** AS GOOD AS THE PURPOSE THEY SERVE.

SCIENCE... IS THE ANSWER. GHOSTS ARE NO MORE THAN AFTER-IMAGES OF HUMAN CEREBRAL ENERGY. JUST A CLOTTING OF UNUSED OR LEFTOVER **PSYCHIC ELECTRICITY**



THUS! THE **CURRENT** CONNECTS

THE ENERGY FLOWS DIRECTLY BETWEEN POLES, ESTABLISHING A **PURIFICATION** SYSTEM FOR THAT RANDOM, FLOATING CHUNK OF **MENTAL ENERGY** SOME POOR SOUL SET BEHIND AT HIS **DEMISE**.



THIS CURRENT OF RAW ELECTRICITY CARRIES A POWERFULLY REMEDICABLE **POSITIVE** CHARGE.

EXACTLY! AND ANY OTHER CURRENT PLACED IN THE PROXIMITY OF THIS **CORRIDOR** WILL INSTANTLY BE AFFECTED

IN SHORT, WHEN A **NEGATIVELY** CHARGED SOURCE... AS OUR **GHOST**... CONTACTS THIS FLOOR, THE CHARGE WILL BE **REVERSED** TO **POSITIVE** AND **VIOLATED**! NO MORE GHOST!

ASTOUNDING. MUCH MORE POTENT AND LESS... **DISTURBING** THAN AN ECSTOTICAL CLERGYMAN SLINGING **CROSSES** HERE AND THERE!

SILENCE HELD THE HOUSE ON BACON STREET. ICE AND CHILL AND DEATHLY PALL SETTLED THROUGHOUT THE AGING ROOMS LIKE MORTICIAN'S DUST ON A CADAVER'S FACE.

THERE WAS NO BREEZE. THE WINDOWS WERE SEALED. YET A DARKSOME BREEZE SPRANG UP SCENTED OF TOMBISH WIFORS AND NIGHTSHADE STUFFS.

AND THE **BEAST** ASCENDED THE STAIRS.

THE SCENE WAS DARKLY SET. THE TRYST WAS PLOTTED. THE PLAYERS ASSEMBLED. NOW 'T WAS THE PHANTOM HOUR WHEN ALL WOULD SOON BE MET.



BARGHNN!



I HEARD IT TOO, MADAM. IT SOUNDED LIKE THE SHRIEKING OF A **BANSHEE**.

DOWN THERE!



NO BANSHEE WILL HERE, GASPAR! ONLY THE SCREAM OF DOLGENAS... BEING FRIGHTENED TO DEATH!

NO, MADAM! **NOT** FRIGHTENED TO DEATH! DOLGENAS WAS NOT THE TYPE. A SCIENTIST FEARS **NOT** THE UNKNOWN.

HE FELL DOWN THE STAIRS IN THE DARK POOR LAD







PLEASE DON'T **STRUGGLE**.
HAI! I AM NOT THE **BEAST!**
WE MUST COMBINE TOGETHER
TO KILL THE **TRUE MONSTER**
HERE!

NOO! UNNN!
MUST THROW
THE SWITCH...
DESTROY, YOU!



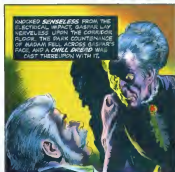
NOW!

GASPAR!
WHY! LET ME
EXPLOOOOOOOO!



MODERN **TECHNOLOGY** HAS WHIPPED AWAY
ANCIENT **CONSPIRACY** AND TRIUMPHED
IN A BLINDING EXPLOSION AND SOUL
SEARING **VOLTAGE**.

GASPAR'S SCIENCE HAD CALLED THE
GAME **CONNECTED**. HIS SCIENCE HAD
BEATEN VICTORIOUS. THE **"BEAST"**
DISSOLVED AT ONCE...AND MY ESSENCE
WAS NO MORE.



KNOCKED **SENSELESS** FROM THE
ELECTRICAL IMPACT, GASPAR LAY
NEERLESS UPON THE CORRIDOR
FLOOR. THE DARK COUNTERFORCE
OF ADAM FELL ACROSS GASPAR'S
FACE, AND A **CHILL GHOST** WAS
CAST THEREUPON WITH IT.



GASPAR HAD LEARNED THE
PRECISE SAME **LESSON** AS
HAD I. WHEN I HAD COME
TO SOLVE THE **AMOUNTING**
ON THE HOUSE ON BACON ST.
I TOO CAME ARMED WITH
PRIDE AND JUST ENOUGH
KNOWLEDGE TO **DESTROY**
MYSELF AND MY OWN GREAT
EGO.

YOU HAVE DRIVEN THE
BEAST FROM MY HOUSE
HAYDNT YOU, GASPAR?
OR HAVE YOU? THERE
WAS NO **GHOST** WAS
THERE? NO. I THINK
NOT.



I CAME TO THE HOUSE ON BACON STREET TO
CHASE OFF SOME FOOLISH **UNNATURAL**
SUPERNATURAL SPIRITS. SOON, I FOUND
THERE WAS NO SPIRIT. BUT THERE WAS
A **BEAST**. A **BEAST** INDEED.

YOU'VE DONE SO **WELL**
THOUGH, GASPAR.
AND **QUICKLY** TOO.
JUST BEFORE **DAWN**.
JUST BEFORE **BEDTIME**.
GASPAR.

A **BEAST** INDEED. A **BEAST** THAT
CALLS FOR HELP SAYING A **GHOST**
IS AFTER HER. **GHOSTS**? YES, THE
GHOSTS OF COUNTLESS VICTIMS
LIVE **ANGRY** THAT WAY. IN THEIR
HISERY HOPE AGAINST HOPE TO
KEEP **ONE MORE VICTIM** FROM
ENTERING THIS HOUSE.

I TRIED TO WARN GASPAR. HE
COULD NOT LISTEN. HE WAS TOO
LOGICAL TO BELIEVE IN **LIVING**
GHOSTS.

WELL, I **DID** TRY. NOW I AM
BEYOND TRYING AGAIN. IT WILL
BE **GASPAR'S** TURN NOW TO
WARN THE NEXT VICTIM OF THE
BEAST ON BACON STREET.

GOD GRANT HIS SUCCESS



I AM!

ONLY OF THAT AM I COMPLETELY CERTAIN!

OF ALL THE
WHO THE
WHY
DATE

I REMEMBER **FIRST** THE DARKNESS.

THEN, THE **ANXIETY**.

AND FINALLY, **AWAkening**...

...BLIND, BLACK AWAkening,
AND I KNEW I **WAS**...
THAT **SOMEHOW** I HAD
COME INTO BEING...



THEN, I **SAW**. I SAW HIM WHO
BROUGHT **ABOUT** MY **BIRTH**!



I SAW HIM THROUGH RUDE, EVER-
STRAINING **EYES** IN ANY NEEDED UN-
IFORMED FACET I SAW HIM PER-
FORMING HIS MUSIC, WORKING
HIS MUSIC! I **HEARD** HIS FANT
MUTTERINGS!



HE SPOKE TO MYSELF
OF LIFE...CREATING
LIFE! **ARTIFICIALLY!**

THEN HE'D LOOK AT
ME APPROPRIATELY AND
TO FEEL NAMED
AND ASHAMED!



ONE DAY HE GATHERED
HIS **INSTRUMENTS** ABOUT
ME...ALL THE DELICATE
MACHINERIES OF METAL
AND GLASS.



AND HEAVEN,
TEENAGE
WAS TO
BORN,
NEW
STARS
ALL IN AN
EFFORT TO
GIVE ME
A LIFE!

THE MUCK MONSTER

BUT I **RESERVED** HIM. I
RESERVED HIS **PRESEN-
TATION** UPON A **HIGHER**
POWER. I **RESERVED** HIS
ATTEMPTS ON MY **BEING!**

I **DID NOT WANT** LIFE! SO
I **DID NOT RECEIVE** IT!



AND MY **CREATOR RAGED.**

HE **TURNE**d OFF HIS **MACHINES** AND **SCREAMED** AT
MY **USELESS FORM**. HE **CURSED** ME... **FOLLY,**
THOROUGHLY! HE **BLAMED** ME FOR HIS **FAILURE!**

BUT I **DID NOT WANT** HIS **GIFT** OF **CREATION**. I
REJECTED IT. I **HAD NO PLACE** IN THE **WORLD** OF
MEN.



I **KNEW NOT WHAT I WAS.** I **ONLY**
KNEW THAT I **SHOULD NOT BE.**





FOR A TIME I SEARCHED
DARKNESS AND PEACE.

THEN, I FLOWED
THROUGH A CRACK IN THE STONE CESS-
POOL AND ONTO DAMP MOSSY EARTH.



I SLID OVER ROCKS AND BRUIES,
DRAWING THE LIFE FROM THE
SMALL LIVING THINGS IN MY PATH!



I FLOWED ONWARD... THROUGH THE
WOODS AND OVER A RUSTY PAIL...



...EVER DOWNWARD...



TO A PLACE
OF THE DEAD.

SEEPING...DOWN THROUGH EARTH AND STONE PAST DRAIN-CRAWLING
HORRORS I FOUND THOSE WHO HAD **CEASED** LIVING.

THERE WAS A **MIXING**,
A **MIXING** OF **FLESH**
AND **EARTH** AND **MIND**
AND **SPIN**! THE COMING
OF **LIFE** SOMEHOW FROM
THE WRECKAGE OF **DOWN**!

AND I SUDDENLY
KNEW THAT... I **LIVED**!

A **MERGING**... A
FUSING... AND I
FOUND MYSELF
GROWING **UPWARDS**
SEEKING TO **RID**
MYSELF OF THE
CLINGING **EARTH**!

THE GROUND **AWAY**,
THEN **SETTLED**, THEN
HEAVED AGAIN...
AND BRIDGINGLY
SET ME **FREE**...!

SHAKING UNCERTAINLY
ON UNSTEADY **LEGS**
I LOMBURED OFF TO
FIND MY **CREATOR**!



HE SCREAMED WHEN HE SAW ME!

I WAS AWARE OF HIS FEAR AND I WANTED ONLY TO COMFORT HIM. TO SHOW HIM THE LESSON IN MY BEHIND!

I WANTED TO SHOW HIM HIS MISTAKE IN BRINGING ME ABOUT.



I WANTED HIM TO LISTEN, BUT THE LAUGHING PREVENTED IT!



I BECAME ANGRY! I LACED A MIND OVER HIS MOUTH, BUT BEFORE I COULD SPEAK AGAIN, I REALIZED THAT I COULD NEVER STOP THE LAUGHTER IN HIS EYES!



THAT LAUGHTER WOULD GO ON FOREVER...TILL THE DAY HE DIED!

FOR HE WAS MAD!



I RELEASED MY HOLD AND I HEARD THE LAUGHTER AGAIN. HE WAS ASKING... HIS MIND GONE?

BUT WHAT OF ME?



WAS I ANY LESS MAD? I...WAS! MERE JUPITERANCE DROVE A MAN OUT OF HIS MIND...?

HA! I WOULD NOT! THE THOUGHT WAS FUNNY.

IRONIC! I WOULD HAVE LAUGHED AT IT IF THE URGE TO CRY WERE NOT SO STRONG...!

NO, I WOULD NOT... AM NOT MAD!



THE BREEZE IS COOL, AND THE FAINT GUMMER OF SAUVY LIGHT
BRIGHTENS A FINE, MISTY VALLEY THAT SEEMS TO GO ON FOREVER.

MY THOUGHTS ARE LOST IN THE
VASTNESS THAT SURROUNDS ME...

...FOREVER...

DONE THAT WHICH IS GO ON FOREVER? *PERHAPS*!

YET PERHAPS IT JUST *PASSES ON*...
PERHAPS IT JUST *CEASES* TO EXIST!

THE SUN IS RISING NOW.

THE DAY IS BORN AND
THE EARTH CELEBRATES.

AND I... I AM PART
OF THE CELEBRATION...!

YES... I BELONG
AND I CELEBRATE...
EVEN AS THE ROCKS
AND THE TREES ON
THIS MOUNTAINTOP
CELEBRATE...

I SHALL STAY HERE TO CELEBRATE THE DAY... TO CELEBRATE THAT WHICH IS!

FOR I, TOO, HAVE FOUND
A NAME... A PURPOSE...

...FOREVER...!



There never was anything like **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**. The hilarious new movie starring Gene Wilder as Dr. Freddy Frankenstein, Peter Boyle as The Monster, Marty Feldman as Igor, plus Cloris Leachman, Teri Garr, Kenneth Mars and Madeline Kahn. The paperback book based on this 20th Century-Fox movie is now available along with this terrific full-color poster (shown above), T-Shirt, etc.! Be the first ghoul on your block to have all this great **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** stuff!

CORBEN! CRANDALL! GARCIA! MAROTO! ORTIZ! WOOD! WRIGHTSON! THE COMIX INTERNATIONAL No. 2 LINEUP!

Rich Corben is a gentle, affable man who spends most of his time at his drawing board. His quiet exterior hides a dynamic soul of incredible talent and perseverance. His work has successfully survived its transition from major "underground" art to mainstream comics... and has arrived integrity intact. He is an artist of mixed media and incredible facility. His stunning ability to distort realism and thereby create a more believable reality, has resulted in some of the most dramatic stories to appear in Warren magazines.



Reed Crandall has worked for most of the top names in comics. He achieved recognition for his art on Quality Comics "Blackhawk" series and his many fine contributions to EC. He was a major artist in the early years of Warren Publishing's magazines, creating some of their most moody and dramatic tales. His accomplished use of fine-line shading gave these stories an almost gothic quality. The feeling of studied realism he created gave his horror stories believability. They were both frightening and memorable!

Luis Garcia's comic work is beautiful... almost photographic. His mastery of the mysteries of light and shadow, of design, of form, give even his most fanciful stories a feeling of intense, solid realism. His illustrative talents are greatly appreciated both in the United States and abroad. An artist of truly international reputation, Garcia is dedicated... thoroughly involved in his work. Comics, he believes, can offer something to everyone. His art is a fine example of this. With talent and perception, he has created applauded art!



Esteban Maroto learned to draw by looking at comics. He has read them all his life. And he believes that comics should not be the exclusive property of any one age group. Like films, comics are a visual medium. If approached correctly, they can appeal to everyone. Maroto is working to present a sophisticated image in a medium which, with some notable exceptions, has been consigned scornfully to the realm of children's entertainment. Maroto believes in the potential of comics as entertainment... for everyone!

Jose Ortiz is an artist of international repute. He has illustrated comic stories in Spain, Great Britain and the United States and has universally been considered among the finest talents in every country in which his work has appeared. His work is admired by professionals and fans the world over. And deservedly, for the forty-year-old artist spends most of his time in his studio, creating page after beautifully drawn comic page, in a style uniquely his own. His reputation as a fine, creative artist is well earned. And accurate!



Wally Wood's work is a mainstay of any comic in which it appears. Think of EC war and science fiction comics and you think of Wood... and of the incredible humanity and subtle humor of his work, even at its most frightening. His genius later provided Mad Magazine with some of its finest, funniest parodies. And the world enjoyed his own publication, "Witzend." Nowadays, he freelances for most of the major comic companies. His style has changed over the years, but his skill has not. Wood... an artist to be reckoned with!

Berni Wrightson spent his early childhood in a haunted Baltimore rowhouse. His playground was a tomb-stone strewn cemetery. He read every comic he could get his hands on. And he was born knowing how to draw. Extraordinary beginnings produced an extraordinary artist. By seventeen, he was working as cartoonist for a local paper. At eighteen, he had his own National comic. His work has vitality... drama. And even now, in between paintings and lectures, Berni still manages to squeeze in an eagerly anticipated comic job or two!



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SPIRIT

OF WARREN'S FEARSOME FOURSOME!